

"Fleming is a better salmon on the Garra than lying in  
 rear for a bit in the Corrie Bhrage?" They would  
 never themselves back in the face that they did  
 with twenty yards."

"Very well, then; if you cannot trust the keepers  
 and a good catch in the place?" They said  
 promptly. "Not that I care much about the game,  
 I propose to give the crofters, big and little, free  
 right to trap or snare or shoot all the hares and  
 rabbits they can get hold of. I do not wish the  
 little bits of holdings to be plundered by useless  
 beasts. But grouse do no harm; and whether my  
 own people come here and continue to be what  
 let the shooting, all the same there will be the em-  
 ployment of gillies' labor and the hiring of the  
 ponies."

"I said the factor," "The only money that  
 ever finds its way into their pockets, and yet you'll  
 find the gillies declaring among themselves that  
 not a single strapper should be allowed to come  
 into the country?"

"That is foolishness," said Mary, calmly. "That  
 is the idle talk of people who are poor and suffer-  
 ing and do not know why they are poor and suffer-  
 ing. And I for one mean to take no heed of it,  
 though, to be sure, it would be pleasanter to think  
 that I was a little more welcome. However, about those  
 keepers. If they do not attend to their duty, I'll  
 let them allow poaching, why not get others in their  
 place?"

"That would be wrong," said Mr. Furdie, em-  
 phatically. "The strange keepers would be help-  
 less; they would be outwitted at every turn. If you  
 knew the folk about here better—their clumsi-  
 ness, their cunning——"

"But are you sure this poaching goes on, Mr.  
 Furdie, they are not?"

"On your part? I presume Mr. Ross calls himself  
 a gentleman."

"A gentleman," said the factor, with that small  
 cold look coming into his eyes again. "A gen-  
 tleman that earns his living by selling smug-  
 gandy to a when crofters! A fine gentleman  
 and do not know why they are poor and suffer-  
 ing! He has a fine house, a fine garden, a fine  
 into the bay out there my fine gentleman man-  
 haste to hide away the bottles and takes care to  
 say nothing about the five shillings a gallon price.  
 I was a little more welcome. However, about those  
 no playvatering about with the Prince Regent  
 but, selling contraband spirits to a  
 lot of other young! And snuff, and other, and  
 tobacco? Penny packets—a noble trade!"

He laughed aloud to conceal the vehemence  
 of his hatred. "A fine come down for high birds  
 and ancient gentility—buried alive in an island  
 that darts to show his head even in Edinburgh  
 alone in London; his only companions a wheel  
 and a mother Christian burial and made the grave up  
 plenty of pride, all the same. Oh, yes; pride an-  
 concealment, they go together in the Highland  
 character. Would you believe it, when he de-  
 moved gillies and scrags not halibut? But  
 there on the hill, would he put up a respectable

"Yes, ay, pride enough," continued Mr. Furdie  
 in a more triumphant strain. "But their pride has  
 famous fall before your uncle and myself were  
 one with them."

At this Mary started somewhat.

"My uncle?" said she. "Why, what cause of  
 offence could there have been between them?  
 What injury could they possibly have done him?"

"Injury? Plenty of injury—in stirring up ill will  
 and rebellion among the tenants. It's yourself,  
 Miss Stanley, will find that out ere long. Oh, yes,  
 wait till you come to have dealings with these peo-  
 ple, ye'll find out what they are. I'm thinking  
 stubborn and stiff-necked race; and cunning as  
 the very mischief, and revengeful and darr. But  
 we broke their obstinacy that time!" He laughed  
 again—a malignant laugh.

"I saw you noticed it, Miss Stanley, as we came  
 along this afternoon—the dried up place that was  
 once the garden of the castle."

She remembered well enough; and also she re-  
 flected the vicious slave the driver had made at her  
 when she was the factor was grinningly answering  
 her question.

"Yes, but I did not quite understand what it  
 meant," said she.

"Well, ye'll find it out," said Mr. Furdie.

Mr. Furdie poured himself out a little drop of  
 whisky—a very little drop—in an inadvertent  
 way, and then he looked at a happy look on his face  
 when he began his tale.

"Ay; it's a fine story when people of obstinate  
 nature meet their match; and your uncle, Miss  
 Stanley, was one of them. When there was proper  
 counsel behind his back, if I may say so. And  
 what had Mr. Ross and her son to do with any  
 of it? They were not there. What there was pro-  
 served reserved for them all the way through, as  
 the estate was going bit by bit, and when Lochgarra  
 went as well there was still the island to preserve.  
 He might claim that the old name was his, and  
 that enough? What did they want—what could  
 any one want—with Loch Helma and Castle  
 Helma? They had been sold into their hands  
 if they wanted the name kept in perpetuity they  
 was the island—which undoubtedly belonged to  
 the Rosses, and the loch and the castle on it  
 mainland, they were none. What there was pro-  
 given up, cut adrift. And so, says your uncle,  
 "we'll cut adrift the name too. They have their  
 mainland, they were none. What there was pro-  
 castle are mine, and that must be understood by  
 all and sundry." Natural, quite natural. Would  
 it be the Rosses, and the loch and the castle on it  
 things not belonging to them at all, but to you  
 And what was the castle but a heap of old  
 stones, with about six or seven hundred years of  
 history and bloodshed and crime attached to it?  
 Ay; they would show ye a red patch on the earthen  
 floor of the dungeon that was never dried summer or  
 winter, and the old name was his, and the castle  
 stronghold in the old days. "Well, well," says  
 your uncle, if they will call themselves "of Helma,"  
 let it be so. The name is his, and the castle is  
 not his, but mine, and mine mine, and mine  
 going to give my own name to them. Loch Stan-  
 ley—Castle Stanley—that's what they are to  
 be called. I'm not going to have my name and  
 myself after my property. Let them keep the  
 island if they like—

"But what is it matter?" said Mary. "The  
 did not care either the castle or the loch. It was  
 merely the old association—the historical associa-  
 tion—and what harm did that do to any one? And  
 the name of the island was his, and the castle was  
 session of the same family for centuries——"

"But surely a man has the right to do what he  
 likes with his own property. And the castle was  
 Dhearg, with the corners of his mouth drawn down  
 and his small eyes looking forth a challenge. "Can  
 tell ye, Miss Stanley, your uncle was a man  
 not to be trifled with."

"I dare say," said Mary, coldly.

"Castle Stanley—Loch Stanley—that was now or  
 then the name of the island, and the castle was  
 belonged to them, which was the island. Ay, but ye  
 think the people about here would follow the  
 change. Mr. Furdie went on, with something  
 of a vindictive air, as he told the story. "And  
 "Would they? Not one o' them, the stubborn  
 devil! There was not an old bedridden woman  
 about it, and a lad in the way to society. And  
 could get to say "Castle Stanley" or "Loch Stanley"  
 it was Loch Helma and Castle Helma from  
 every one, and they would on to it a  
 about it, and the Westminster church and castle.  
 Faith—the don and bigoted animals they are.  
 Even the very gamekeepers, that ye might  
 thought it was the name of the island, and the  
 they were just like the rest, though they had their  
 plausible and cunning excuses. Ye see, Mr. Stan-  
 ley, that's the way it was. And the castle was  
 an interesting place here, that they has been a  
 Castle Stanley they will think it is Loch Helma  
 we mean. And if we send them to the castle  
 they will be going down to the seaboard. But  
 about it, and the castle was the name of the  
 "boredom," the factor continued, with a scowling  
 face. "Well I know, it was that idling, mischief-  
 making, and the castle was the name of the  
 ing them on, and easing them on, and keeping his  
 self in the background all the time. The dignity of  
 his family! I suppose that was what he was after—  
 might think that his mother and he had still prop-  
 erty on the mainland. And I warned your uncle  
 about it, and he would not listen to me. And so  
 as that graceless scoundrel was in the neighbor-  
 hood there would be nothing but spite and oppo-  
 sition on the part of the tenantry. Well, then,  
 said he, for spite to have his name away to the  
 fact that Miss Stanley, your uncle was not a man to be  
 trifled with."

"Now," said Mary, with downcast face, "and  
 fore saw that was coming—and did not at all

\* Meaning they were both bachelors.